THE EMERALD.

SEMPER REFULGET.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE WANDERER,

No. 54.

.....

Come listen to a tale of times of old,
..... and you shall hear
How MADOC *from the shores of Britain spread*
The adventurous sail, explored the Ocean ways
And quelled Barbarian power.....

An edition of Madoc, has lately issued from the press of Messrs. Munroe & Francis. It is a popular and interesting story, and may be justly considered an acquisition to the literature of the country, but a work of this nature should not be spoken of without discrimination. It must of necessity be deversified with unequal merit; contain some passages which the most favorable critic would censure, and others which the most fastidious would approve. We propose, therefore, to make some remarks on the fable, the style and the versification, expecting merely to evince that the general sentiment, it excited was not a decision without judgment.

Madoc derives no interest from national partialities. The Iliad of Homer recounted the exploits of their ancestors to a people who regarded ancestorial greatness as the first source of personal honor. Virgil gratified the Roman vanity by tracing their original to the heroes of Troy and the offspring of deity. The epic poems of modern times have been raised on the exploits of *national* valor, except the Paradise Lost and Regained, which by a grander contrivance allied to themselves an equal interest among all mankind. But Madoc is supposed to have lived at a time of such rude antiquity and to have displayed his adventurous achievements among a people of such novel and singular simplicity that we become interested in it more by uncorrupt and native feelings, than any that are acquired in society.

How far Southey deserves credit for the originality of his fable may be matter of enquiry. The subject is partly of doubtful tradition, and partly historical certainty. The country and the people, whose systems, manners and superstitions form a very considerable part of the interest, which the poem excites, have been known and described from the first landing of Europeans at St.Salvadore, to the recent expeditions of Americans along the Missouri. He had not then, like Shakespeare, to imagine new worlds, or like Milton, to people the airy creation of fancy with beings of almost indescribable habit. The country and its inhabitants, their occupations serious and gay, were known already to every thing but poesy

and it was his task merely to exhibit with the harmony of verse, the first impressions of astonishment and ignorance; and in fine, the character of man, when like the forests of Azteca he had grown rich and luxuriant without cultivation, and exhibited the rudeness without the elegance of nature. Had this been the first time we had heard of a nation to whom the arts and inventions of Europe were unknown, who had lived without intercourse with the rest of the world, and confined within their own domain all their knowledge and experience, it would have made so bold a claim on the praise of originality that we might justly have wondered at the invention of the author; but in this old age of the world such novelties are not to be expected and the want of them is not considered as a fault.

The entire absence of all mythological fiction and supernatural agency, diminishes in no degree the interest of this poem, although by means of it Pope insured immortality to his Rape of the Lock, and acquired for himself a reputation not more deserved by the harmony of his verses than by the merit of such an original design. The conduct necessary to be observed in the plan and arrangement of superior agency, and the talents necessary to employ and regulate the operations of a set of beings, upon whom human motives and human passions have not a sure and determinate effect, requires in no ordinary degree original talents, and makes large drafts on the invention of the writers. The absurdity however of uniting the the imaginary personages of heathen mythology, in the same scene with Christian heroes, and the greater absurdity of attributing events to miraculous interposition, to the influence of demons or witches, would destroy whatever admiration we might feel for the talents or ingenuity of the author who should now venture to employ them. Mr. Southey has very properly taken from his fable this lumber of antiquity, but in doing it deserves more credit for judgment than invention.

The scene and personages of his poem being thus formed, and the machinery which had been formerly considered as a requisite embellishment being laid aside, the author's credit, as an *original writer*, will depend on the conduct of the fable, the descriptions with which it abounds, and the delineation of its prominent characters. On these grounds he may confidently rest a large portion of his fame. The story is ingeniously told—"it goes perhaps beyond the actual works of nature, but not against its conceived possibilities." We hear of the civil commotions of an antient kingdom without surprise, of a bold and adventurous expedition with admiration; and though the dangers which the heroes incurred and the success which crowned their valor may a little astonish us, yet the known superiority of skill and arms to the rashness of inconsiderate valor, and the recollection that in latter times the same scenes were repeated, prevents us from considering the account as an incredible hyperbole.

The first part of the poem is rather desultory. It consists of too many disconnected descriptions, which the poet is obliged to leave unfinished at the moment they are beginning to excite our interest.—The object was not an historical delineation of the times, but an account of Madoc, and his companions of the waves. We have no need therefore, of a minute account of Wales or any of its inhabitants or

customs not immediately connected with the voyage. And the error is seen in the interest we feel for characters, of whose condition the poet, consistently with the plan of his work, could not inform us. DAVID himself, whose ungoverned passions had placed him on an insecure throne, is the object of some interest; and the lovely EMMA is painted in colors so beautiful that the story appears but half finished without informing us of their fate. But what shall we say of the bold, the generous, the magnanimous LLEWELYN, He, who appears in the story like some angel in a dream just to fascinate us with his virtues and disappear forever. We cannot but notice it as a very prominent fault, that these unformed, unfinished beings should be unnecessarily introduced. In the books containing these characters is some pretty descriptions and good poetry, but the characters themselves are perfectly irrelevant to the main purpose of the poem, and are not even justifiable in the rank of episodes.

To these objections Mr. Southey may think himself not obligated to reply by reason of the title which he has chosen to assume. "A poetical story" may perhaps claim greater liberties than the degraded epic, and we confess we know not how far these liberties extend, as the present is the first being of the race and a kind of anomaly in literature; but judging by Mr. S's. own standard, we think them unjustifiable, not because they are not formed on the rules of Aristotle, "but because such unfinished pictures are not adapted to purposes of poetry."

The subject will be resumed in a future number. E.

Selected for the Emerald.

A TALE FOR THE LADIES.

ALEXANDER, and GODFREY, were two young gentlemen, whose acquaintance had begun with the earliest period of their lives. They were sons of the principal families of the same town; they had been accustomed to play together in their infancy; they had been educated at the same school; the same tutor had attended them in their travels: and they had, during that interesting period of their lives, continued that amity, which was begun when *fancy*, rather than *reason*, had inspired it.—Godfrey, in their return from their tour, had left his friends at Lyons: fixed by the radiant eyes of some beauty of the place, and without a desire ever to see his country, at the expence of leaving the object of his warmer wishes. Alexander was not the *only* man who had a heart susceptible of impressions from the fatal charms of this beauty. Among the number who became his rivals, an English Nobleman setting forward on his tour, was stopped by the soft enchantment. The rivals met at her lodgings: *the lady was divided* in her choice; and neither of them could give up their pretensions. They determined on the *only* decision. They pursued the same route to the confines of Flanders. They fought, and Alexander was the more unfortunate. The *consequence* of a duel is *seldom foreseen* by those who engage in it:—*even the best is terrible.* The death of his rival, instead of making his way easy to his mistress, separated Alexander from her forever. The affair was no secret. He could *not* return to Lyons. It was equally unsafe for him to see his own country, where the friends of his unhappy antagonist were powerful. He engaged in the Russian service: he made several campaigns with glory: he was esteemed, and he was preferred. From the time of his fatal dispute with his countryman, he kept up a constant correspondence with his friend. The interest of Godfrey, of his family, of his friends, of all whom they could influence, was employed to soften the rigor of those who had lost the hope of their house: but every letter contained the same piece of mournful news, that they were resolute, and cruel, and all applications

ineffectual. The person who had been most determined and immoveable, in his resentment, was Timoleon, an officer of rank, and honorable reputation. What all the entreaties of the world had attempted with the revengeful man in vain, an accouut from the Russian army of the manner in which the English volunteer had signalized himself, effected. He declared the man who behaved so well in the field could not have killed his nephew unfairly, and sent to the relations of Alexander, to congratulate them on account of the youth's gallant behaviour,-and to assure them that he had no objection to his coming over whenever he pleased, nor should carry his resentment any farther. Alexander received the news with transport. He solicited his discharge from the service; and he obtained it with uncommon marks of honor. He wrote to his friends, and to none with so sincere a joy as Godfrey, that he was on his return. Their friendship was renewed with more than its original warmth; they lived together; their company was the same; and there was not a pleasure the one enjoyed of which the other had not his share. Among their *female* acquaintance was Sabina, a woman of spirit and some wit; and, in consequence of those qualities, with an ungoverned temper, she was exceptious and petulent. Both the friends *admired* her—but *neither* of them *loved* her. She could have been very happy in the addresses of *either*; but it was impossible, while both were on the same terms with her. She would *to-day* give *one* the preference, and when she saw it gave no pain where it was intended, she would *to-morrow* pay the same compliment to *the other*. She would to the one be forever excepting against, and quarrelling with, the words that had dropped from the other, in their last conversation; and from criticising on them without effect, she fell into the *next step—misrepresenting them*. Some expression of indifference which Alexander had repeated to her from Godfrey, on an occasion of no consequence, she had exaggerated in the repetition, till she taxed him with something, which in reality he had *not* said. The lover, for they were both so *in raillery*, though neither *any farther*, denied his having said what she charged him with, and she insisted on the credit of her account, having had it from Alexander. When Alexander paid his next visit, the coquette insulted him for imposing upon her, and in all the petulance of a peevish beauty, told him "*every body* did not think so "slightly of her, as *he* did, or as *he* "would make her believe *they* did." And, as an instance, told him that she found Godfrey had never said any such thing, as he had repeated to her.—Nothing is more tender than the honor of a soldier. A suspicion of his veracity is like a doubt of his courage. He was *nettled* at the reproof: he was concerned that it was Godfrey who had contradicted him. He called upon him immediately. He asked if he remembered what he had said of a certain lady upon such an occasion? Godfrey replied with some warmth, that he remembered what he had *not* said of her; though he had been charged with it. Alexander, fired at the expression, desired he would *recollect*, and not make his character suffer for his forgetfulness. The other answered it was impossible he should remember what had never happened. Both were piqued, both were fiery in their dispositions. They grew more warm as they talked more on the subject, till some unhappy word passed between them, which it was scarcely possible to overlook. Godfrey walked out without company:—but without any determined resolution. Alexander followed him, as if he had understood it was expected that he should. When they were in a place distant from all interruption, Godfrey stopped and turned about:—Alexander, with tears in his eyes, caught him by the hand—"Friend—what are we doing?"—Godfrey was pale, irresolute, and yet too angry to be melted by the affectionate manner in which his friend had addressed him. "What *can* I do?"—said he, drawing as he spoke. Alexander *could* not hesitate on such a summons. The conflict was long, neither attempted to hurt the other. The intent on both sides was to disarm—but by some malicious fate, Godfrey slipped, and fell upon the point of his antagonist's sword!!! Alexander snatched him up in his arms: called heaven and earth to witness, that he would have died rather than willingly have hurt him. The unhappy man confessed the fatal accident of his own seek

ing;—even he had *compelled* him to what had occasioned this misfortune, begged he would forgive him;—and expired in his arms!—Chance had brought up two villagers to the place, as the dying Godfrey made his declaration. They comforted, in their homely way, the distracted Alexander, and promised to assert, whenever it should be necessary, what they had heard. It was the opinion of the wretched youth's friends that it was his business to escape, since the *former* misfortune would cancel the effect of every favourable incident on this. He obeyed their request—he took no leave of any one—he went without preparation,—and has never since been heard of!—The families are both unhappy in the highest degree. *Women are seldom aware of the consequences of those disputes in which they engage men.* Thus I would observe, *trifles may be raised into things of importance by the way of treating them; that no ties are of force against an injury in reputation; and that while women are misrepresenting things in secret,* they are *playing with the lives of those who are most dear to them!*

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE ORDEAL.....No. 4.

.....Si quid novisti rectius istis
Candidus imperti, si non his utere mecum.

.....

We regret our inability to give a critique on the performance of Shakespeare's *As you like it*, noted in the last Ordeal. Report says that Mrs. Stanley, in the part of Rosalind; and Mr. Caulfield, in Jaques, acquitted themselves well. The former character requires no inconsiderable talents; we should have been happy to have witnessed their display and to have bestowed the meed of praise.

PIZARRO (*Kotzebue and Sheridan*) and the WRANGLING LOVERS.

Wednesday, Nov. 5.

We gave our opinion of this drama and its performance last week. The only change on this evening, was the cast of Mrs. Shaw in the part of Elvira. Mrs. S. in several scenes displayed spirit and judgment. The part, however, is beyond her reach. Mr. Caulfield lost no ground in Rolla, and Mr. Usher was more *at home* in Pizario.

SECRETS WORTH KNOWING, (*Morton*) and DON JUAN.

Friday, Nov. 7.

This comedy we think one of Morton's best pieces. Much variety of character is depictured and although the colouring in some instances, may be expended too lavishly, portraits and not caricatures are presented. Many happy allusions are made to popular follies and customs, which though they lose part of their interest as these cease to influence the votaries of fashion, they may hereafter serve to point out the path in which the fickle goddess once delighted to walk.

The performance on the whole was good, and the audience fully testified their satisfaction, but we think the characters might have been better cast. The part of *April*, which dragged heavily, maugre all the support Mr. Barnes could give it, would have added much interest to the play had it been taken by Bernard. Mr. Usher played Grenville to our entire satisfaction. This is a species of character in which he is generally most fortunate. The Rostrum of Mr. Bernard was the character which the author intended, but while his talents could have been employed more usefully, tho' less prominently, we could have wished to see Mr. Fox in the part. Egerton was better played by the latter gentleman than perhaps it could have been by Mr. Poe, but Mr. P. might have supported that character tolerably, and thus the

whole cast been much strengthened. The Managers are certainly bound to make the best of *such* a company as they *have*, and the *rights* of actors ought to cede to the wishes of the public. We have in no instance seen *Mr. Dykes* to more advantage than in *Undermine*, *Mr. Dickenson*, was truly *Old-Nick*, and *even* Mr. Downie is entitled to praise for his personation of Plethora. In the latter character the effects of modern *bloodism*, ignorance of the true objects of life, and the approach of premature old age, were conspicuous. The female characters were uniformly well supported. Mrs. Powell interested us in Mrs. Grenville. Mrs. Poe charmed in Rose Sydney. Mrs. Shaw was Sally, *Downright*. Excepting the drawback we before noticed, no performance this season has given us more satisfaction.

JANE SHORE (*Rowe*) and THE RIVAL SOLDIERS.

Monday, Nov. 10.

This tragedy, it is said, was avowedly written in imitation of Shakespeare. If this was really Mr. Rowe's intention, we think his success was small, though the play has always been, and will long continue to be, a favorite. Its moral is forcible and correct. The representation of *Jane's* penitence for past folly, and her subsequent misery and death, cannot but excite pity in the feeling breast. With the performance of this evening we were much dissatisfied. Mr. Caulfield, in Lord Hastings, though in some scenes he was brilliant, in most was destitute of spirit and feeling, particularly in the conference with the Duke. Indisposition, it has been suggested, was the cause, and must be accepted in palliation. Mrs. Stanley had a correct conception of the character of Jane Shore, but failed in execution. Her tones have too much of monotony in ordinary recitation, and she often loses the command of her voice in displays of passion. The closing scene of the drama we thought well played, but it lost effect by an attempt to display more than was possible.—The throes and convulsions of expiring nature ought not to be minutely exhibited on the stage.

——————Non tamen intus,
Digna geri promes in scenam ; multaque tolles
Ex occulis.——

Let something be left for the imagination of the spectator, and his attention will be secured. Mrs. Powell shone in Alicia. Mr. Poe was correct and sometimes animated in Belmour. Mr. Usher's Dumant was well, but of Mr. Downie's Gloster, Mr. Turnbull's Catesby, and Mr. Morgan's Ratcliffe, what shall we say ? Such a lord protector and such worthy supporters seldom meet in council. What we had most to admire in the first, was the appropriate starts, shrugs and knitting of the brows, in the scene where the designing Richard endeavours to obtain Hastings' opinion of his views without disclosing them, and it would be unjust not to praise the extraordinary retentiveness of Mr. Morgan's *memory*.

Mr. Vining has been introduced to the public as a vocal performer. In this line he will doubtless be a favorite. With a clear and melodious voice, he sings in a chaste stile, and does not pain the ear with unnatural trills or affected and ridiculous quavers. We listened on Friday evening to "The Streamlet," and "Sally in our Alley," with unmixed delight.

For the Emerald.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS,

AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

DERMODY

Looked upon the stage with the eye of a critic and with a correct judgment; his praise is valuable—his censures not to be disregarded.—The subsequent sketches, tho' brief outlines, designate characters with skill and truth—but tho' something may be said in favor of the intellect of Dermody, very little can be urged in favor of the man. The Reviewers speaking of his life lately published by Raymond, say, It is the life of another Savage of lower birth and greater profligacy. Like his father, he seems to have been a good scholar and a great drunkard; his early acquirements might have been considerable, but they were overpowered by habits of brutal debauchery. The account of his life is altogether an interesting performance.

STEELE.

I applaud Steele as the manly restorer of scenic decency of plot, interesting, not intricate; and of dialogue sprightly though not splendid. The sentiments of Cato are confessedly elevated and noble; but, alas! too far removed beyond the sphere of common life: while even the most censorious must allow that there is that moderate emulation of virtue still remaining sufficient to impress any spectator not totally callous, with a respect and love for the beneficent, affable, and elegant character of Bevil.

SOUTHERNE.

Though I cannot reconcile myself to that strange jumble of smiles and tears, levity and anguish, which constitutes a tragi-comedy, or what we more emphatically term a *play*, (first, because the introduction of the comic, must always weaken the energy of the tragic part; and secondly, because the emotion of different passions at one moment, as in an hysteric, is not *in itself* pleasing) yet I must give the palm to one whose two great productions are thus huddled together, as "the poet of the heart." This intellectual sovereign is Southerne; whose Isabella and Oroonoko must charm as long as the human breast can feel, or the human passions can be interested.

I know that those authors who countenance tragi-comedy the most, aver that it is a true and faithful delineation of the checkered scenes of real life; no indifferent plea in its favour. Yet Dryden, who was himself an adept in the practice, lays the blame on the distempered and vitiated taste of the audience; and even Southerne, in a prologue, has these lines:

"You see we try all shapes, and shifts, and arts,
To tempt your favours, and regain your hearts;
We weep and laugh, join grief and mirth together,
Like rain and sunshine mix'd in April weather."

MASSINGER.

The immortal Shakespeare, from the narrow limits of his education and original habits of life, must necessarily have adopted many vulgarisms and low conceits, very improper for a modern to copy; and as for his happier and sublimer flights, they are indeed inimitable. Jonson's comedies, with all their merit, are so laboriously stiff; and the joint compositions of Beaumont and Fletcher, with all their wit, so insufferably licentious; that I can select from the whole dramatic galaxy of these times, but one author

who is not quite exceptionable as to regularity and moral precision.—This is Massinger. His incidents are generally well conducted; the unities regarded with much attention; his characters delineated in a masterly and forcible manner; and his dialogue, considering the age in which he wrote, remarkably chaste and nervous. I am surprised that more of his plays are not revived and adapted for representation: which they might be with very little trouble, and less expence, as they are seldom loaded with pageantry and show.

FONTAINE.

Every person is acquainted with the absence of mind peculiar to M. de Brunens. Fontaine was subject to as extraordinary aberrations.—He once attended the funeral of a friend and the next day called on him as if he had been living.

REPARTEE.

A Venetian asked a Frenchman what was the origin of the salic law which his nation held so much in awe. It was found, replied the other very cooly, on the back of that same charter which gave the Venetians the dominion of the Adriatic.

DU CHANGE

Lately published a Dictionary of the Latin language as used in the lower ages. I have been employed above 60 years (said Father Vavasseur, whose studies had been exclusively employed on authors of most acknowledged merit and purest antiquity) in learning to avoid every word and phrase in this industrious compilation.

PROGRESS OF SMOAKING.

It appears by accounts on the table of the House of Commons, that the consumption of Tobacco in England has been doubled within twenty years. In 1805, nearly thirteen millions of pounds were retained for home consumption.

HUMOROUS.

Santieul, the French poet, returning one night to Saint Victoire, at eleven o'clock, the porter refused opening the door, saying he had positive orders to admit no one at that hour.

After much altercation, Santieul slipt half a louis d'or under the door, and he obtained immediate entrance. As soon as he had got in, he pretended he had left a book upon a stone on the outside, on which he had rested himself while he waited for the door opening. The officious porter, animated with the poet's generosity, ran to get the book, and Santieul immediately shut the door upon him. Master Porter, who was half naked, knocked in turn, when the poet started the same difficulty as *he* had done. Aye; but master Santieul, said the porter, I let you in very civilly—Said Santieul, so will I you, as civilly; you know the price, *in* or *out* is the word, and I can dally no longer; the porter finding he was to sleep in the street, half naked, and run the risk of losing his place, slipt the piece of gold under the door, saying, I thought a poet's money would not stay long with me, and accordingly purchased his admittance.

EPIGRAM ON AN EPIGRAM.

Take a portion of wit,
And fashion it fit,
Like a needle, with point and with eye:
A *point* that can wound,
An *eye* to look round,
And at *folly* or *vice* let it fly.

ANECDOTE.

The celebrated Duke of Roclore was, in his person, very far from being agreeable; another nobleman, whose personal beauty was even inferior to that of Roclore, having killed his antagonist in a duel, applied to the duke for his interest, who fairly rallied the King into a compliance. After the King had

finished his fit of laughter, and given his royal promise, he added, but "for heaven's sake Roclore, what could induce you to be so strenuous in this intercession?" "I will tell your Majesty," replied Roclore, "*if he had suffered, I then should have been the ugliest man in France.*"

THOUGHTS ON HAPPINESS.

Happiness is an object pursued by all, and though the road to it is direct, few arrive at it. The compass by which we should be guided to this consummation of our hopes, wholly consists in this little maxim, "*Moderate your desires.*"

A Frenchman, having undertaken to translate an English book into his own language, on coming to the words *chesnut-horse*, literally translated it, "a horse made of chesnuts."

Upon a circuit, Mr. Serjeant K——p, who is a Sussex man, had been laboring for his client in a long-winded speech, but the verdict being found against him—— "Zounds," exclaimed the serjeant, "here have I been spending my breath for an hour, vainly endeavoring to convince twelve blockheads of a point, that's clear as demonstration—I believe my countrymen have been *inoculated for dullness.*" "That may be," said the wit who had gained the cause, "but it seems you, Mr. serjeant," unlike your countrymen, "have it in the *natural way.*"

The style of Buonaparte's commands is wonderfully gentle; he *persuades* Prussia to hostilities with this country, and he *induces* the Pope to resign his dignity. His arguments are as friendly as those of Jack Ketch to a refractory convict:—"Do, my good fellow, be hanged quietly?"

An advertisement in *The Connecticut Mercury* begins thus—"To let a large farm, on *any* terms, good, bad, or indifferent."

ANECDOTES OF VOLTAIRE.

When M. L'Abbé Pellegrin, complained that he had pillaged some lines from him, and introduced them into a tragedy of his own. What, replied Voltaire, have I stolen from you? I can now account for the damnation of my play.

As he was one day praising Hallar, in the presence of a flatterer of that celebrated naturalist; ah! sir, said Hallar's deceitful friend, how much it is to be wished that he would speak thus of the works written by *you*, which he always abuses. Perhaps we are both mistaken (returned the poet.)

A celebrated actress reciting her part in a negligent manner before him, "Really madam," said he, "it is to very little purpose that I write verses six feet high, if you gulp down three of them."

He told Sarrazin, who recited a scene in Brutus in a languid manner, you seem to be saying, "Oh Holy Virgin, grant that I may get a hundred pound prize in the lottery."

Another actor, pronounced the following lines in a flat and insipid manner:—

"*Instant the conquerer peaceful shall appear,*
"*The truce proclaimed, he comes, behold him here.*"

"Yes," says the poet, "the conqueror is coming; but you announce him as if one should say,, stand out of the way, dont you see the cow."

Lines written upon an ingenious Musician, who had as cunning a Head as he had a Finger, and who lately performed a SOLO *at Bath, which proved rather affecting to some of the Tradesmen.*

"His *time* was short, his *touch* was neat,
Our gold he freely finger'd;
Alert alike with hands and feet,
His *movements* have not linger'd.

But where's the wonder of the case,
A moment's thought detects it;
His *practise* has been *thorough bass*,
A *chord* will be his exit.

Yet while we blame his hasty flight,
Our censure would be rash;
A traveller is surely right,
To change his *notes* to cash.

POETRY.

PALMYRA.

A Tale.....Continued.

PALMYRA, mark'd his sorrows as they rose,
Heard his loud sighs, and watch'd with troubl'd fear,
The big drop hastening o'er his youthful cheek;
But if he smiled, and cast his heav'nly eyes
But kindly on her, and with magic voice
Utter'd one word of peace; if to his lips
Grateful, her hand was held, she trembled straight,
Chill tremors shook her frame, and then rush'd back
In floods of fire, to swell her throbbing heart;
O'er her fair face the sudden blush would pass,
And beautiful confusion in her eye,
Point downwards.——————
Ah! then, 'twas sweet to cull for him alone
The gifts, of love to wreathe the martial sword
With the gay braid, and give the gorgets gold
To sparkle mid the ribbon knots she form'd—
To pick the dainties of their scanty store,
And spread them all before him, or when sad,
To check the full tear in her tender eye,
Dress it in smiles, and look him into peace.
Yet not in rapture flew her days away;
The moon that saw him restless for the sake
Of faithless Lesbia, pitying too beheld
Her bursting anguish for the secret flame—
All night with ceaseless misery, she call'd
On his lov'd name, and blamed the partial fates
That had denied such charms as won his love.
Plung'd in deep grief, each heavy hour pass'd,
Save when his well-known voice, and martial foot
Call'd the quick blood to mantle in her face;
Then, in blind pleasure lost, she yielded all
To wild, wild dreams, and thought not of despair.
And now, six tedious moons had worn away,
Since mourn'd Pyrocles, and Palmyra lov'd—
When rous'd to arms, the hurried soldiers pour,
Eager, from all the camp; with tortured heart,
Shrieks, tears, and prayers, Palmyra sees them go;
On her fond father's breast she weeps in vain,
And strong in anguish holds him to her heart;
Torn from his arms, she lifts her streaming eyes,
Pyrocles pensive meets them—O! what floods
Of fiercer torture seizes on her soul!
She dared not weep in torrents, dare not call
On heaven, by all her love, to spare his life;
She dare not catch him to her bursting heart,
And die in grief delirious in his arms;
What can she do? her offer'd hand he takes,
Prints it with kisses grateful, and departs—
Fix'd like a statue, marble, cold, and mute,
Awhile she gazes on him, then falls prone,
Senseless and madd'ning on the cank'd earth.
Ah! when she woke, she knew not that his breast,
Heaving, sustain'd her; that his eager lips
Fasten'd on hers, and that his magic eye
Wash'd her white bosom in its frantic tears:
Dreading his soul, he tore himself away
Leaving Palmyra to a woman's care.

(To be continued.)

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